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A Few of Many Physicians' Testimonials.

Mr. T. Hill Mansfield. My Dear Sir:—Knowing of great cures made by your "Capillaris," I tested its composition, finding it entirely free from Lead, Zinc, Sulphur, Cantharides, or anything injurious; have used it extensively, and concluded that the medical skill of the world, as yet, has not produced its equal for the curing of Scalp and Skin Diseases, etc. This testimonial is given for the benefit of the public and deserving proprietor.

E. C. NEAL, M. D., Portland, Me., Manager Deering Hospital.

The Eminent Physician, Dr. Neal, has spent a long life in hospitals in Ohio, Illinois and Maine.

Mr. T. Hill Mansfield.—I am pleased to say I have used your Capillaris with entire satisfaction in cases of Skin Diseases and Baldness.

AMOS M. RICH, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Capillaris" is an article of superior merit.

DR. G. S. NORCROSS, San Jose, Cal.

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DR. F. THOMAS, 118 Eddy St., San Francisco, Cal.

T. Hill Mansfield, Esq.—I have used your Capillaris in cases of Diphtheria, with excellent results. It transforms the Poison to the outside of the throat. I keep it on hand for use in my practice. Respectfully,

IRA B. CUSHING, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Wonderful Production, a great Public Benefit. I use it and recommend it. Use my name all you please in its behalf.

B. B. FOSTER, M. D., Portland, Me.

I have used Capillaris for the worst scalp disease and dandruff I ever knew of, which defied the best medical skill. It cured me, also another member of my family. These facts ought to be known to the public.

REV. F. SOUTHWORTH, Portland, Me.

Having used T. Hill Mansfield's "Capillaris" personally and as a family medicine, I find it an article of genuine merit, and consider any person a public benefactor who places so valuable an article at the disposal of an intelligent public at so low a price; therefore I give my pleasure to recommend it.

REV. J. L. CAMPBELL, Madison Street Baptist Church, New York City.

Having used "Capillaris" in my practice, seen the effects of its use extensively in severe cases of Skin and Scalp Diseases, Catarrh, Colds, etc., etc., I can testify to its great value.

DR. JAMES CARTER, Georgetown, Mo.

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rudely, too agitated to realize that his mode of address left much to be desired, "you can't arrest a man for having a blackthorn stick."

Except for a contemptuous curl of her lip, Edith appeared as though she had not heard him. "At once, Mr. Brading!" she repeated.

Warren's anxiety on behalf of the poacher was not lost on the detective. This development was likely to prove highly embarrassing to himself, however, so he welcomed any diversion. "Mr. Warren is quite right, miss," he pointed out. "We want more evidence than that before we are justified in making an arrest. Still, I will institute some inquiries as to his movements and keep an eye on him generally."

Bradshaw too was glad to divert attention from his homeric combat. "It is absolutely impossible for me to identify the man," he joined in. "Therefore, I could not prove anything against him, even if we were to get hold of the right person by chance. Now, Miss Holt, I think I will go back to the inn. I am ashamed to have given you so much trouble at such an hour of the morning."

"Go back to the inn, indeed!" exclaimed Edith with fine scorn. "I have ordered a room to be prepared for you, and when you have taken this" ("this" was a huge bowl of chicken broth, one of the invalid delicacies provided for Aingier) "you are to go straight to bed."

"But really I am perfectly well," he protested.

"What? When Mr. Brading says that your wound bled so dreadfully? Besides," she went on triumphantly, "I have sent a messenger for Dr. Lester, and here he comes. We shall soon see whether you are perfectly well or not."

Lester, knowing the errand upon which the pair had set forth, was naturally in a maze of conflicting theories as to the cause of Bradshaw's injuries. The footman who summoned him told an incoherent story, in which burglars and pistol-shots figured largely.

And now, as he made cursory examination of Bradshaw's hurts, Edith gave a disjointed narrative of the night's doings, interspersing it with lavish appreciation of the American's gallant behavior.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" groaned Bradshaw, when Edith had delivered herself of a particularly warm tribute to his courage.

"Poor fellow!" she whispered to Lester, with tender pity, "he is in pain."

"He had better go to bed at once," said the doctor.

He was anxious to learn the true details of the affair. Moreover, he did not find this almost fulsome eulogy of Lord Arneliffe's nephew gratifying.

"Have you a room ready?" he asked.

"Thank you—then I will just go up and make the patient comfortable. And, as I wish to prescribe bed very strictly for you too, Miss Holt, I will say good-night."

His manner was formal, even beyond the austerity which medical men assume, and Edith, unaware that her innocent praise of a courageous action had aroused the demon of jealousy, looked at him in pained reproach. But he kept his eyes steadily averted and walked away, supporting Bradshaw, whose other arm was taken by Brading.

The detective too was burning with curiosity to learn what Bradshaw had seen before he took that perilous drop from the tree. When the servants had retired Brading locked the door.

"Now, then," he said, "we must speak softly."

"You are right, my friend," agreed Bradshaw. "I am liable to make use of language which will be all the better for being spoken softly. And see here, you grinning ape, if that irritating smile doesn't leave your face I'll shoot it off!"

"May I ask what the joke is?" queried Lester mildly.

"Here, you tell him, Brading. If I do, I shall choke before I am half-way through."

Brading, nothing loath, described their disastrous attempt to spy upon Mrs. Warren and her son. He told of the

American's brilliant idea of explaining his injuries, and with loving touch drew a picture of the unearned increment of the glory which had fallen to the amateur detective's lot. By the time the recital was finished, Brading and Lester were convulsed with silent mirth, while the unfortunate hero sat on the bed and glowered at them.

Lester had been telling himself that there was nothing wonderful in collaring a man, after all. But now, when Bradshaw's ridiculous position was made clear, he was not wholly displeased that Edith had showered her praises so liberally.

"All right," grumbled Bradshaw, "laugh away—I suppose one must not expect any sympathy from a licensed assassin and a—detective. I was trying to think of some term of contempt to apply to you, Brading, and I think I have struck the most suitable. And now if the professional murderer will be so good as to bandage up my head and hands, I should like to go to sleep."

Lester, still smiling, made the invalid comfortable with deft fingers, Brading the while asking questions about the scene in Mrs. Warren's room.

Bradshaw took vengeance by piquing the detective's curiosity. It was only when he felt that he would really like to sleep that he condescended to explain matters.

"Well," he said, "when I first looked into the window, young Warren was evidently in a pretty bad frame of mind. He looked thoroughly scared over something. His mother seemed to be trying to pacify him. After a few minutes she went out of the room for a moment, and her son began rummaging in the drawers, presently finding something which he put in his pocket. Meanwhile Mrs. Warren had returned, and she too took something from one of the drawers of the desk. I did not see what it was, but as she started shooting at me right then I am willing to believe it was a revolver."

"What was it her son took out? Could you see that?"

"Well," replied Bradshaw, "it was an article of a very queer shape and a very queer color—in fact, all sorts of colors, like a soap-bubble. And I am quite certain it was a bottle of some sort."

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

DR. GEORGE LESTER, an eminent young English toxicologist, was trespassing on the fishing preserves of a British peer, when he rendered a slight service to Miss Edith Holt, secretary to the Earl of Arneliffe, owner of the estate. He also encountered Harry Warren, a domineering individual, who was Arneliffe's agent.

Lester was subsequently called to the castle, the regular physician being absent, and found Arneliffe dead. He announced that the Earl had been poisoned with arsenic.

Lester learned from Edith that Arneliffe had been his (Lester's) former patron and made a hobby of collecting and studying poisons. Aingier, Arneliffe's solicitor, arrived at the Hall, and announced that the Earl had feared he was being poisoned and left ten thousand pounds to go to the person chiefly responsible for the conviction of his murderer.

Warren was credited with trifling with the affections of numerous village girls, notably one named May Manning.

Arneliffe's will left the bulk of his property to Edith.

Lester was impudently confronted by Warren and promptly knocked the latter down. He (Lester) realized that he was becoming in love with Edith.

The Coroner's inquest to inquire into the cause of Arneliffe's death was held at the Hall. Much interest was manifested in the testimony that Edith had secured three hundred pounds from the Earl shortly before his death. The Coroner announced that a witness from New-York had just arrived. This was William Lincoln Bradshaw, a nephew of Lord Arneliffe's, who had written letters to the latter that evidently had been intercepted.

The three hundred pounds that Edith had been given were for her brother, but as the latter was a scapegrace she feared that if the purpose of the gift was known it would ruin his future.

Edith insisted that she would give the Arneliffe fortune to Bradshaw.

Warren had been embezzling thousands of pounds from Lord Arneliffe, and in getting possession of the telltale books struck Aingier a murderous blow on the head, without the lawyer seeing him. The latter was not killed. In rushing from the scene Warren fell and became unconscious. Leigh, a poacher, Warren's enemy, had seen the deed and secured possession of the books.

Lester caught Brading stealing Edith's letters from a post-box and made him return one, thinking it was all he had. However, the detective had taken two and kept one, which was to Miss Holt's brother in reference to the three hundred pounds. This tended to allay Brading's suspicions against the young woman.

Lester and Edith became betrothed. Bradshaw noticed that Leigh was spending considerable money at Jones's, and Brading decided to watch him. The American also advised that Warren be watched, as he was indulging in alcoholic stimulants excessively.

"THE GOAL," a Double-Page Football Picture by Will Greff, next Sunday. See Page 12.